

My Old Lady

is sitting on the floor separating the
trading cards she found in her old
suitcase. Twelve years ago when she

collected them seriously she was prancing
around Peoria in her tight-assed levis
thinking that French kissing was for

fallen women and sophomores. When I think
about her little butt and maiden's head
it moves me and I go over and kiss her

on the part in her hair. She looks up and
smiles. "What?" she says. "Nothing," I
tell her. "You're a nice girl, that's all."

Making Do

I have moved my belongings out to the race
track. My faithless friends and former fiancé
think I am mad, but that is not the truth,

far from it. It is true that I love the track,
that much is true. But it is only because she does
not cheat or lie or just tell me that she loves

me. I have had enough of being told and then left
in the lurch like some funky horse-player. So
now I spend all my mornings out there where it's

nice and cool. Then in the warming afternoons I
mix with the crowd. Our conversation is patterned
and inevitable: "I like the 3 horse." "Yes," I

reply, "She's got a shot at it." I love dialogue
like that, it holds no surprises for the honest
lover. At night I wander around the stands, listening

to her settle and moan. She excites me, so I
cross the dirt racing strip and leave my clothes
on the rail, my seed on the tall green grass.